

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "We Can Get Down"

*[chorus:]*

We can get down

We can, we can get down *[both lines 4X]*

Ah, it's like that man, it's like that (yes!)

It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) *[2X]*

It's like that man, it's like that

*([Rakim from "My Melody":] "Why waste time on the microphone")*

Check it

*[Phife:]*

I'm not your average MC with the Joe Schmoe flow

If you don't know me by now, you'll never know

Steppin on my critics, beatin on my foes

The plan is to stay focused, only then I can go

Straight from the heart, I represent hip hop

I be three albums deep, but I don't wanna go pop

Too many candy rappers seem to be at the top

Too much candy is no good, so now I'm closin the shop

Crushin competition like your tires on grapes

My rhymes styles be blendin like a Ron G tape

My man where ya goin? You can't escape

When the Tribe is in the house, that means nobody is safe

How can a reverend preach, when a rev can't define

The music of our youth from 1979

We rap about what we see, meaning reality

>From people bustin caps and like Mandela bein free

Not every MC be with the negativity

We have a slew of rappers pushin positivity

Hip hop will never die yo, it's all about the rap

So Marion Barry smokin crack, let's preach about that

The trash you talk won't matter, that old bogus chatter

The more that you condemn us, it only makes us phatter

When I talk, I know I'm talkin for you poppers all around

You know you love the sound, we gets down

*[chorus:]*

*[Q-Tip:]*

I'm the cherry on the top of yo ice cream

I'm the wish you thought inside your dream

Listen to the way we pulsate the jam

I'm the nigga here with the mic in hand

Styles that we present are just a few

To do away with you and your hum drum crew

This is '93 and the shit is real

Black people unite and put down your steel

Ladies make a forum on your sexual drive

Devoted to your lover and make it thrive  
The riff was of F, I'm a hip hop body  
Release the energy like the force of a shotty  
Standin on the wall with my Polo on  
Talkin to the girl with the Liz Claiborne  
Keep the poetry in my black knapsack  
Got my Timbo horse and my Doublemint pack  
Hit the city streets to enhance my soul  
I can kick a rhyme over ill drum rolls  
With a kick, snare, kicks and high hat  
Skilled in the trade of that old boom bap  
I can do a trick with the opposite breed  
I used to down 40s and smoke grain weed  
Now, I'm doin shows with half loot down  
Now it's time for me to take ya uptown

It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) [7X]  
It's like this, Shaheed!

*[Shaheed: scratching until end]*

*[Rakim:]* "Why waste time on the microphone